

KALAMAZOO

Free Beer Press

THE NO-FISH ISSUE

NUMBER 96 JAN/FEB '85

Cat & Pizz

And so the torture continues. As usual its business as usual (trying to live, trying to grow, trying to DO SOMETHING) as the slugs of negativity spew their cheap, self-righteous, self-serving bile. If Pig-boy was here he'd know how to handle em, but me, nah, I'm too nice a guy. I just sit back and take it, feeling little more than a combination of boredom and pity, knowing that basically they're just a bunch of jealous under-achievers, sniffing the soiled panties of EFFORT and resenting the scent. I mean, ya weasel yer way into control of the biggest top-40 bar in town, bringing in an array of alternative bands (unheard of in this burg) and keep it going for 5 whole weeks, and the fatheads call you a failure cuz it doesn't go on forever. They don't see it as a major coup, just another 'mistake' to wave in front of you when you say something cocky like 'Have a nice day.' Or when a pud from the punk faction (again, fat) says 'You guys are just a bar band. Why don't you do something worthwhile?' and then you put together a Musular D benefit or play 2 shows at Jackson prison (all free) and they compliment you (sarcastically) on yer 'publicity stunt.' Which, I suppose, figures. Most of these well-fed soul-suckers would slit their mothers throats just to keep from wiping their own crusty cracks. And the price of toilet paper is rising.

And it is torture. An endless barrage of 'Yer band sucks,' 'Yer a lousey writer,' 'yeah, but you can't sing,' 'Yer not playin with us,' 'why don't you guys leave town?,' 'Yer paper stinks,' and, of course, my favorite 'you guys deserve to play with IDKI' All this from guitarist who can't play guitar, writers who can't make sense, and people who can't live. People who say 'I came home and wrote a spontaneous masterpiece last night, but I didn't record it and I don't remember it so ya can't hear it.' (God, was I bummed) People who piss & moan and wear their pain like heaven, too full of shit and self-hate to stop and think about how silly they look bawling in public all the time. Oh well, I guess, anything for attention.



THE NEW CLASH LINE-UP LOOKED PROMISING AT FIRST



TINA SNAKE:

God, I wish they'd leave me alone!

And so the torture continues. The dead and near-dead, resenting the electric whiff of life, the fell and falling, unable to dream cuz they can't close their eyes for fear of missing a chance to call you an asshole. Either that or they do nothing BUT dream, years and years (and years) of dreams, dusting and washed-out in lonely cobwebbed basements. Sure, I don't have a job, but I don't need to be reminded of it 500 times a week by a buncha creeps who don't have anything BUT their 9 to 5's (9 to 5's that I gotta hear em bitch on and on about) to fall back on. To make them feel complete. To remind them that they're not quite six feet under. Hey, I write songs (words & music), poetry, prose, 2 books, paint, draw, put together shows, and am co-editor of the best newspaper in the fucking state. Good or bad, right or wrong, I know what I'm doin. I don't need to slice up my 'friends' or my enemies to make myself feel--complete. Self-satisfied? Maybe, but I'll back you up in anything you attempt, be it shows, ads, or (especially) killing Madonna. The Free Beer is here for You (even if you are in a raggae band) so either do us one better or fuck-off and die. It really doesn't matter. Now, lets party.

Missing In Action?

- WITH
- MINUTEMEN!
- DEEP PURPLE!
- DAVID LEE ROTH!
- DRUNKS ON DRUNKS!
- D. ACTION BEHIND BARS!
- AND!
- OUR FIRST ANNUAL
- READER'S POLL!

FreeBeer

TOPTEN

1. MINUTEMEN: 'Double Nickles On the Dime' - Their best yet, especially if you're brain damaged. 'Cerebellum, cerebellum, dance to the music...'
2. THE WALKER BROTHERS: 'So In Love' - Sounds like the Temptations. What? They're 4 skinny white guys with bangs? Get outta here!
3. THE RICES: 'Thinking' - In which she tells me I 'don't know the first thing about love.' Humpf, sausey wench.
4. S.O.S. BAND: 'Just The Way You Like It' - And, really, what more could you ask for? (Hope she's got a fork...)
5. DIANA ROSS: 'I'm Missing You' - A tribute to Marvin Gaye, one of the greatest, who was murdered by his father in cold blood. And the old man walked.
6. CARL DOUGLAS: 'Kung Fu Fighting' - Yeah, this is the one they almost banned cuz of the line 'funky chinamen in funky chinatown.' Great with tea.
7. SANDY POSEY: 'Born A Woman' - Oh, quit yer cryin. At least you weren't born Billy Idol.
8. PINK FLOYD: 'Don't Leave Me Now' - Forget all those acidic, ethereal, heart-pulse, music-that-drips bands, these guys rule. Now pass me that saucer full of secrets.
9. ROBIN WARD: 'Wonderful Summer' - Leslie Gore's psychic sis. Where is she now? Who knows, probably still on the beach.
10. BROOK BENTON: 'Rainy Night In Georgia' - It was either this or 'Me and Mrs. Jones.' It don't matter, they both make me cry.
11. DEBRA ALLEN: 'A Heartache and a Half' - Debbie's 3rd hit single in a row, and they all actually deserved it. I'm excited, I'm confused, and, hey, I'm gone.





well, no solos tonight. (And speaking of the Bag, ish 3 is out NOW, so check yer local record ampor or write to 1223 Washington/Kalamazoo, MI. They're FREEEE...) Oh yeah, PERSONAL TO THE FOLKS AT MAZIMM ROCKNRROLL: will somebody please tell this Pushead clown to shut the fuck up. Not only does he draw like an undersexed 12 year old (wheens the last time he drew a woman?) but his pretentious, over-adjec-tived writing is enough to make Webster roll over in his word processor. I mean, c'mon Piss, er, Pus, we've all heard that everything an artist does is actually a self-portrait, and after seein yer mug on the xmas issue its plain to see why every-thing you draw is so fuckin UGLY. Yeah, I realize you've got a major following of bald children who thrive on scantily-clad MALE monsters, and you think yer some kin-da revolutionary spokesman, and hey, I can deal with that. Just stop writing. Its precious, show-offy, and too impressed with itself. Like you.

MINUTEMEN: DOUBLE NICKLES ON THE DIME- Okay, so I'm late on this one. I mean, it's been reviewed from here to the south 40 and the consensus is pretty much in: a classic, a masterpiece, the greatest thing since applesauce pantyhose. And hey, you'll get no argument from me. In the space of 4 sides and 44 songs these guys run the gambit: fast, slow, acoustic, wierd, jazz, funk, hey, you name it, it's in there. Wonderful ly strange lyrics ('I must look like a dork'), vocals that wrestle cows, and the most coolly incredible guitar since Jimi. And though I can do without the Creed-ance songs, the only number that really grinds my groin is 'History Lesson (Part II)', in which we're told 'Our band could be your life/real names'll be proof.' They also mention Richard Hell, Joe Strummer, and John Doe (3 of rocks biggest pin-dicks) and the singer calls himself Bob Dylan's 'soldier-child.' I mean, my pal Peepser says it's obviously tongue-in-cheek, but I aint so sure. It still makes me gag. (I do like the line about 'fucking chili-dogs,' though.

DEEP PURPLE: OP-Oh no, another reunion album. You know reunions; a time to re-meet a buncha people you didn't like the first time and you certainly didn't miss. (I just shake a few hands, kiss aunt Bill, and head out the bathroom window with a six-pack. Preferably returnables) And I hated these guys the first time around. I hated Gillian's voice and I really hated 'Smoke On The Water,' mostly cuz I just did but mainly cuz I was still waiting for someone to top 'Bang Shang A-Lang.' And though I'm still waiting, this thick slab of meatmetal should suffice. I mean, I dig it the most. By now I realize that Gillian has a very unique voice, one of those you either like or use for skeet, and I like it. (Although I liked him better with Black Sabbath ('Born Again')). At least he was up to the challenge of following Ozzie, whereas Dio couldn't sing his way past his teeth. HA HO!) There's no signs of age or loss of fire, either. I mean, this could be a brand new band, albeit more slick and professional; but hey, if ya know more ya know more, no point bein stupid on purpose. And while everyone's exceptional, honorable mention must go to the drummer for his BIG, BOMBASTIC sound. If cousin Lulu could play like that I'd take her out the bathroom window with me. Course she'd have to bring her own six.

MICK JAGGER, PETER WOLF, DAVID LEE ROTH: I put these guys together for 3 reasons: 1) they're all lead singers in 3 of the hottest bands in the world, 2) they've all got solo records out, and 3) they all stink (the records, that is). For the life of me I'll never figure out why 3 successful millionaires (and that's the key word here) would put out such blatantly commercial crap. In Mick's new single he says he wants 'Just another night.' For what, counting cash and ripping off song titles from Ian Hunter? And what about Pete's new album? Christ, no wonder they threw his ass out! Sounds like dance music for people who'd rather sniff glue and play check-ers. It's wimpy! And of course you've all heard Mr. Roth's pathetic rendition of 'California Girls,' and there aint much to say except that Dave's gonna have a lot harder time getting laid in California. So there ya have it: 3 examples of my theory that all lead singers are basically sissies without their cronies around, and that given the chance to do something new or exciting, or daring or innovative, they'll wimp-out everytime. And why? Well, we know why, so go ahead, give em their bucks, give em their magazine covers, then, when that's over, give em back their fuckin' bands!

Dick Goes To Jail

Yeah, so, I finally got popped, over at the elementary school. I wasn't doin' anything 'alls I did was ask some kids if they wanted to ride on my pony (Pinto's the name). Then one of the little snitches goes and tells Mom. Mom calls the fuzz and here I am sittin' in Boulder County Jail. Geez, I guess that's what hospitality gets ya---3to5. Now the porkers are talkin' evaluation of the mental kind. 90 days lock up. Sigmund Freud. In' OK, you're not. It don't matter 'cos I'm gettin out soon, my pal Roman is gonna bail me out and then I'm skippin town. Maybe back to the Zoo, maybe San Fran, I dunno. It'll be a shame to give up my growin practice but good dicks are hard to find and I've got experience...But first, let me tell ya about cell block B. After prints and pics(send me an 8x10, huh) and check in I got the big search by a real hunk (he

PARR-DEEE!!! Yep, thats the key word, folks. What with Christmas and New Years, its been one binge after another. Plus the gifts were hot: The New Minutemen, lot-sa clothes (all black, natch), and enough gold earrings to reinforce anybody's delusions of fagdure. Said farewell to Lora M, Mary H, and Julie M (all of whom I'm gonna miss) and sipped champagne with Laugh-in Dick and his foxey ol' lady. Obviously a night to remember.

GANG WAY!! Whats that? Oh,excuse me. That was just another keg being wheeled in. Like I said,binge, binge,binge. You'd think the stuff was goin outta style,the way these galoots put it away. Already,Bud-dah (the Bag Man) is passed out on the kitchen floor,his mouth open and full of unchewed chicken. Oh

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even found the erasers Roman had jammed 5" up, overheavily day) - then it was shower time. I dunno how many times I dropped the soap and gave 'em a little peek, but none of these guys wanted to help me pick it up. Instead they said I was a real perv and that 'Big George' liked to take care of baby-molesters like me, and then illuded to the possibility of me getting my ass kicked, among other fun things. OUCH. I was getting confused by now - I thought jail was where ya went to get packed; and I'd been looking forward to some action. But alas... Well, Big G finally came on over to my bunk and I could tell with a glance he was strictly an oral robert (he even had a small outward dent in his right cheek) and his idea of punishment was, as George said, "ta give the psycho a bob."

"Make it good for me bitch!" George also said.

"I wanna ride on that pony too!!" Then he grabbed a chunk of hair and pulled.

"OK" I replied deviously "Pinto's in his stall and he's just rarin' to go."

Pinto wasn't lookin' real good at the time

(remember the graft wasn't takin very well and I still had a few scabs from the auto shop) so - I guess old George didn't like it at all. Somethin about it just didn't agree with his semi-digested lunch in the least. He projectilel with accuracy on my bunk, but it missed me by a couple a inches. I laughed and slapped Pinto across his face twice, "A-a-a-r-gh" followed by "m-m-m-n-u-a-aah" came outta George's mouth along with some beef stew. The pig. I pushed him into the hall with him pukin' all the way. "Har-har" I said aloud. Meanwhile, Roman had arranged my ball and within 15 minutes I was out - free as a bird. Then I went to see Roman. But that's another story. Maybe next lsh, IF yer lucky. Oh Roman, I'm coming.

Yeah. So!

Later...

Dick. And that's Mr. Action, to you, punk.



I DON'T WANT MY MTV
BUT I CAN'T TURN IT OFF

It may be something fun like DEVO doing Jimi's Are You Experienced or perhaps something gross like the "boss" supervising how it's done as he bobbles and gives the power first in that rockin' demography of today, a.k.a. Born in the U.S.A.

But wait a sec, if my one remaining brain cell serves me correctly - were there always commercials on MTV or have they sold out too. While yer pondering that one, ponder this: why, oh why, is Geddy (Bytor) Lee so ugly and whatever happened to the Ramones (or did Joey sell out too and get hitched to that tart P.J. Soles???)

David Lee (wheel of fortune) Roth may be Hot for Teacher but I'm gonna puke. I'm sick. Sick of seeing all these gutless wimps prancin' winkin', and raisin' their respective lips for more dough weekly than I'll make in a year. What do ya suppose the royalties are everytime the video's shown? What happened to Ted Turner's alternative? No dogs allowed?? Too drunk to fuck??? But hey, I'm babbling and who gives a fuck about one concerned citizens addled

point of view - so shaddup, and let's give some constructive cynicism. Don't panic Billy Joel fans, Mr. Thyroid's safe this time (actually I just ate lunch and am not into Roman customs, contrary to popular belief.)

Time now for a real pipe plugger. Hook up the vomitmeter, grab a warm Schlitz lite and let's rock on down to that toe tappin' tune vinylized those good(?) intentioned sucklings BAND AID. What - six million copies printed and doed anybody out there really think that thousands of starving Ethiopians know (or care) it's Christmas?? Come on now, might there not be a pagan or two in the dark continent (no pun intended) who, even when well nourished, wouldn't know enough to pay homage to olf B.J. (that's baby jesus) spread armed in the manger? Ah, once again we see religion and money going hand in hand. How heart warming.

I say Bob Geldorf (or PinkOo asmmore commonly known) and Midge (midge?) did the good deed of the eon by bringing together this motley crew of homos and dope guzzlers together for this touching tessiture of monitary glee Do They Know It's Christmas?

It makes me feel warm down there, or maybe that's my tampon leaking. I did need some mistletoe...

Ethopia - chicken McNuggets are on the way and,
thank god Duran Duran isn't.
Where's Captain Kirk?

A concerned videophile.

MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (S)MALL CITY: Can you believe it? The State Theatre having ROCK BANDS? Oh well, it's cool with us. We're always open to another nice place to get thrown out of... SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR COOPIECE. And you thought marriage was dead. No way, baby! Big Johnny 5. (Swollen members, Noise Puzzle) is about to tie the noose, er, knot with classical penis, er, pianist Annie H., a woman who also shares his foot fetish. Wish em luck! (And send em some speed)... PIGB-DY LEAVES TOWN AND NOBODY NOTICES! Heh heh, just joshin. He's now in Carolina with all the golf courses, black bars, and dead seagulls. Ann can't eat, Tasha can't sleep, and I can't find my Gladys Knight and the Pips single. Oh well, cheers, ya big lug... Good news! Although Violent Apathy and Coagulated Child are kaput you'll be glad to hear that Annabelle ('Child singer') & O.B. (VA guitar) are in the process of tossing together a brand new outfit. They've already found a bassplayer & are currently seeking out a drummer. Our own Dr. O volunteered for the job but was rejected because he, unfortunately, can't play drums. Picky, picky... Where the hell are Mike Mitch & Cheri Barton of 'T-Snakes, Corvette Barbara, and The Next Big Thing' fame? Starting now there will be no more mention of these hermits until they actually DO something. Changing water to wine will do... Medieval and Strange fruit both have new recs out. Buy two of each and send one to mom... PREPARE TO MEET THY ROCKER: Yep, get ready, folks. Coming in '85, it's the BOP STOP! And what's the Bop Stop? Heh, heh, heh...

Thank to Ralph and Gundo for cover concept

Special Thank to A. Jasper for Photo-graphics and Tie Pins

Dedicated to Glen Danzig, George Elliot, Brent & Lisa, Lyric Fido, and the Back Door

9... AND COUNTING

That's right, you zombies. This is our NINTH big ish, and we couldn't be happier. For two long years we've been exciting you and delighting you and, hopefully, pissing you off. Hey, what are friends for? Like some lazy blue heat, we rose up, saw the beast. Did we slay it? Hell no, we bought him a beer and asked him to cut us in. We're still dickering.

Anyway, it's great to be here. You'll notice that we've begun printing your letters this issue, if only to prove that we're not that wierd. This time out we're featuring some golden oldies, but next

ish it'll be fresh and hopefully so will you. Remember, we'll print anything. (Obviously)

Anyway (again), this is it: our first FBP Reader's Poll. Yup, now you can actually tell us what YOU think! And hey, for some reason we really care. No, I don't believe it either but go ahead, fill out the questionnaire anyway, or if you don't wanna ruin your ish (and who would?) just use a sheet of paper (preferably some-negotiable) and mail it in. The results will be revealed next ish. That's right, motherfucker; number TEN.

Best band in the world

Worst

Best local band

Worst

Best soap opera

Best independant single

Worst

Best bar

Best comic book

Best comic book about baps

Favorite sex position

Grossest person in rock

Best female vocalist

Worst

Best male vocalist

Worst

How important is a big dick? (check one)
Very Not very

How important are big tits? V. NV.

Best guitarist

Best drummer

Best bass player

Best keyboard player

Best way to kill Prince

Best super-market for indiscreet cunnilingus

Best name for a blind chiwahwah

Favorite tabloid

Stupidest reader's poll

What kind of man reads POPULAR REALITY?
A different kind of man... A strange man. A man like you.
That's right. Another happy mutant.



When you get finished with this report pause for a moment and thank your lucky stars

When you get finished with this report pause for a moment and thank your lucky stars that:

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FLIPSIDE RECORDS TAPES

..AND MORE..

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MONITORING THE AIRWAVES WIDA REVISITED: The Dick Bowser Show

Due to Dick's sudden notoriety (a plug in ACIDBREAK #2, postcards from Jesus) I figured it was time to throw in my two cents worth. Sure, you've got the best radio show in town, Dick, but don't let it go to your head. You're still a goof.

BITCH #1: Why is it that the only time you play anything by black people its either funk or the blues, reinforcing the cliches that all blacks can do is dance and complain well? How come we never hear anything off the new Smoke Robinson, or Aretha Franklin, or Teena Marie? (Yeah, I know Teenas not black, but thats not her fault) Something that touches you. Something with soul, with BRAINS. Theres more to being black then just pink dancing shoes and a big cock, Dicky-dude. Just ask Mike Love.

BITCH #2: Same as #1 basically, but this time pertaining to country. Hey, I usta think Neil Young was country, too, before I discovered Farlin Husky and the Judds. Try squeezing 'Mama He's Crazy' in the middle of your next 'Pissed off Youth' set and see what happens. Who knows, you might make someone happy.

BITCH #3: Oooh, this one gets me. I'm talkin this 'New Psychodelic' stuff. You know, the Alarm, 3 O'Clock, Rain Parade, etc., all these geeks trying to regain some lost hippydrom they never had by regurgitating the freaky sounds of the 60's. What they don't understand is that those groups weren't trying to be weird, they just were, and thats mainly cuz they were stoned outta their fuckin gourds! Have any of these 'New Psych' creeps ever done 10 hits of acid and stared at their bellybuttons for a week and a half? Or now bout 2 4-way blot-r ters and a baggy fulla reds? Me, I'm bet -lin the answer is 'no,' and until they do its gonna be the same soul-less, sex-less, copy-cat dreck dreck dreck, and not enough room in the pool. Ken Kesey would not be amused.

AND BITCH #4: But this is the one that really boils my beef: WHY NO LOCAL MUSIC? Why no Blue Spots, I-Snakes, Worms, Strange Fruit, Hombre, Blight, State, Coagulated Child, AOC, IDK, or Slackers? Okay, so alot of this stuff stinks, but thats not the point. The point is that 'IDR' is supposed to be the 'alternative' radio station, but the only alternative is one major label for another. Far as I'm concerned there aint much difference between SST and Warner Bros., between Alternative Tentacles and Columbia. They're all corporate-backed releases that completely freeze-out the independents, at least at WIDA. I mean, Jesus christ, Dick, you get fucking drunk with these people! (Don't tell me yer still pissed about the ripped-off Rothmans?) And though I know you're bound and determined to play the same two Meat Puppets songs EVERY FUCKING WEEK, there must be enough room for something from the locals. How about 1 half hours worth a week? I mean, I've discussed this with a few noted drunks and they agree that its important, needed, and they'd tune-in farshure. People are always cry -in about how small and fucked-up the Kalamazoo underground music scene is and we got a 'hip' D.J. (who's in one of these bands, for gods sake) who won't go near it, let alone support it. Kinda makes ya wonder...

Oh well, enough bitchin. Just wanna say (as Dick well knows) that the folks releasing these records/tapes KNOW the normal radio stations aren't gonna play their stuff EVER, so 'IDR' is pretty much their only--dare I say it?--alternative. So the question remains: Whatta ya gotta do to get a decent cuppa coffee around here? And the answer? MAKE IT YOURSELF.

BLIGHT 4 SONG CAS.

SCOOTER & the WORMS
Nice Night's EP
2.50 PPD 1223 HAYS PARK KAL. MI

3.50 PPD 1026 Eureka, Lansing MI

THE Toilet apes



NECK-TIE PARTY: Ah yes, once again the Hardman cometh. And you thought he got hit by a beef herd. No, he's alive and, well, lets just say he's alive. (No point in starting a panic) Also along for the ride is Dave 'Dibs' Rummel, this time playing guitar. Oey down in Texas rockin with 2 local yokels who probly tawk funny but sound like they still get their kicks in many strange and exotic ways. (For more Texan wisdom, see letters page) The sound is kind of a bass-heavy shopping spree: Rummel waving hot silver feedback, the Hardman yelling in screaming moan-drones, and the drummer doing something while obviously dreaming of some Haitian slavegirl. Some might call it twisted funk. I say call it a cab and be done with it. Fave tunes: 'Cry, Cry, Cry' and 'Work Boy,' the latter bairn one of the goofiest songs since 'They're Coming To Take Me Away (Ha Ha)'. Oh give me a home, where the buffalo roam....

(5734 Ludington, Houston, TX)

THE RICES: CLONES TAKING OVER THE WORLD-Do you hate t.v.? Does listening to the radio make you despise mankind?

Do you think Farrah Fawcett, Susanne Sommers and all those other media-made 'sex symbols' are uglier than the ugliest death-wish? Well, than this could be the tape for you. Nefarious Nancy and her bros have finally made it into the studio (in Detroit), and it was worth the wait. (And while we're on the subject of Detroit; can somebody help me get in touch with Ronna Wientraub? Let me know) The first 2 tunes, 'Pretty Little Clones' (reviewed in FBP ?) and 'Buying Aqua Eyes,' are the hot hall-buts here, both dealing with the medias way of defining whats cool and what aint, fashion in particular. And while 'Clones' is smooth and sinewy, 'Eyes' has the big beat and groovy glass-line vocal to be a dancefloor favorite, especially if you hate this country as much as I do. I mean, with inconsequential cretins like Springsteen, Prince(ss), and Boy Board ruling the radio roost I actually relish the prospect of nuclear war. I mean, just imagin Dur-an Duran vaporized, like that!, or Hall and Oats busted and bleeding beneath the debris of their beloved Brill Building. And best of all, no more videos; the single most powerful tool when it comes to killing your imagination, fueling your sexual neuroses, and just plain making you stupid. Sure, its a sickness world run by sick assholes, but its more dangerous than the obvious (Nicargua, the Subway Vigilante, unsafe colas), its the little things; more insidious, more deadly. And the Rices, in these 2 songs, have squeezed the arm, touched a pulse. And I love it. Forget the thousand-miles-an-hour baby-cants, lets go out and smash some shit.

(1442 Walgrove Ave, LA, CA, 90066)

AOC: THE TASTE OF WORTHLESSNESS-Now, I hate to be a little snit-monger but, yeah, this is another one of those 'lay-down-the-riff-and-never-change-it noise bands, and while I liked it last year when there were only about 5 million bands doing it, it now seems like everybody's getting in on the act. And while I don't expect everyone to sound like Yes, a few changes never hurt. Still, this is good for what it is, so if yer into PIL, the Swans, or Strange Fruit (and not just Sherry's knockers), then you'll no doubt like this. Me,

I thought formules were for chemists.

SEND YOUR RECORD OR TAPE

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GRIM FACTS
BY
Dr. V

Open your mouth and say a-h-h-h, I've got something for ya. Hop up on the table. Why just the other day, when I was in the pharmacy trying to convince the druggist to give me some free physicians samples, an obvious acne sufferer came up to me and said, "Dr. V - I have a personal problem I wish to discuss with you. As you can see I have boils, carbuncles and acne all over - my face, neck, back, thighs, upper arms and even my butt! I can't sit down without something poppin' and oozin' - and imagine when I loofa my back - Yeow! Here I'll show ya what I mean." With a quick duo index to the cheek the victim applied some finger pressure and B-W-W-A-A-P - out shot a thimble fyll of pus. This was appalling enough in itself, not to mention when the pus glos flew several feet and hit my white lab coat with a fwap and proceeded to soak right into the cotton.

"Good GOD" I said.
"coooppss - tee-hee" the victim said.
Shoving a bottle of tetracycline towards him I said "Take two a day for 3 weeks and get the fuck away from me!"

Now the above scene may be grisly, but it's true. I think it points out a common problem in America today - acne. A four letter word but exactly what does it mean? Well - acne may be defined as; an inflammatory disease of the skin involving oil glands and hair follicles, this disease is mainly found in adolescents and is symptomized by pustules, papules and carbuncles located about the face and neck. Whoa there doc, easy on the medical terminology - Must be a few definitions are in order. What is a papule, pustule and carbuncle? Well, a papule is nearly a solid conical elevation on the skin surface and a pustule is very similar in nature except it contains pus and has an inflamed base. The carbuncle is a combination of the above only it affects the underlying tissue and has multiple openings for the discharge of pus and the sloughing of dead tissue. Some victims mat be in their 20's or even 30's, and this disease may be debilitating for them. After all would you want to fondle or kiss an anatomical feature riddles with this stuff?? So for those hundreds of thousands of sufferers who write every week and ask for help - I recommend: plenty of isopropyl alcohol, zinc oxide mixed with ferric oxide (otherwise known as calamine lotion,) tetracycline and plenty of castile soap to begin treatment. You will have to pick-n-squeeze for the treatment to be effective. So grab a f lend for those hard to reach areas and cure your problem NOW. Make people want to look at you without cringing. Just remember that once a pimple is opening and draining, keep those inquisitive mltts away. NO PICKING. Gotta run, time for my 2:00 appt.

Health Hint: Healthy clear skin is a sign of stable hormone and metabolic system.

Rx: Go through your mothers purse and send drug samples to me for analysis.

WIND WALTZING
Wings and Thighs Only

-Or Ooad Serious

'Shall we dance?'

I was drunk, I didn't want to. She fluted her wings.

'Okay.'

We rose into the air, the green air, the other dancers teeming around us. We began twirling. Her gown (angel-anise brown, then blue, then clear and revealing) flowed out, waffeled back in, waved like seaweed in a dream. Like cat reflections on water. Was she pretty? Yeah, she was pretty. Both of her.

'How do you like it? she asked.

I wasn't sure. When Eddie the Fish told me about this planet where all the inhabitants had wings I figured it'd be a great place to spend the summer. But now... Second thoughts? Yeah, and third and fourth and...

'Great!' I lied, holding on for not-so-dear life.

We were 50, maybe 60 feet off the ground now. A great view, yeah. Alotta fresh air and beaver-shots, too, but christ, I was about to puke. All that giration! I couldn't stand it. I tapped her shoulder, tried to give her the word. You know, down.

'Huh?'

She smiled, leaned in to hear me (nice teeth), but she was too slow and it hit her like a hydrant, full-force food and a smell to make even a maggots call in sick. And (naturally-lucky me) I got her in both eyes. We went into a dive.

'Shit!' I screamed 'LAND HO!'

I tried to talk to her but she panicked, and froze up. I thought about the Cosby Show and how I'd probably never see it again. Luckily though, I found I could steer (to a certain extent) by firmly grasping the tops of her wings. I held them up and out and leaned left. It worked! We barely missed a giant statue of some naked dude without a pecker, his fist full of

lightning. A few more curiously-looked-up-on spins around the grounds were almost fun (I felt like Clutch Cargo, complete with strange mouth. The sky was my element, my friend. I felt as one with the universe, riding the wild untamed pillow of winds, cloud-splashing in a fantasy-puddle of instants), but---how to land? I began to feel sick again. 2 metallic Balloon birds came in close, buzzed us. Then, it rose from behind the floating gardens into view. The Fountain. At one end there was a 30 foot, solid stone woman, down on her hands and knees. A wide stream of water was shooting out of her asshole. On the other side there were great plastic statues of Devo. I didn't get it, but there was a gigantic pool of pink water between the two sides. I aimed for that.

The next morning, on my back on my bed with my clothes on, somebody knocked. My face like a warped 45, my mouth like an ash-tray, I got up and opened the fucking door. 'Oh, excuse me' she said. She was pretty. And familiar. '-did I wake you?'

'No' I sneered 'I had to get up and answer the door anyway.'

She smiled, bit her pinky fingernail. 'I just came to thank you. For last night. For...saving my life.'

Oh shit, I thought, some runaway needin a place to stay. A runaway with wings, no less. I scratched my butt.

'When I finally came to, you were gone. Oh, thats good, honey, Melodrama.'

'They said you just jumped out of the water and strolled off smiling and waving.'

Oh, more, more!; I thought. I'm about to get sick. Get sick? That sounded familiar, too. Hmmm. I said

'Listen...'

'Then, after you were a good distance away from the cheering, applauding crowd, you turned and shouted 'YO MAMAS SUCK SLAVIC CRIPPLE DICKS!'

'WHAT?'

'Yes, they say it was quite dramatic. Everyones curious what it means, though. I told them I'd ask you.'

'GET IN HERE!'

Make a long story short? Sure. I told her it meant 'Good luck and have a long life' or something along those lines, and she took me to breakfast and told me they didn't have sex on Gondor 7, and she was so slinky and so dripping-with-lust-looks that I thought, Jesus Christ, this is my last vacation on Gondor fucking 7.

NEXT ISSUE: Interview with a Stiff! A look at the best comics of 84! Barry Mensler's 'Tips For Tubs!' Results of our reader's poll! And, at last, the team-up you've been clamoring for! Dr. D and Dick Action! And the gods made love...